

Coming Home

By Troy Hogan



If you look for the truth outside yourself,
It gets farther and farther away

Today, walking alone,
I meet him everywhere I step

He is the same as me,
Yet I am not him

Only if you understand it in this way
Will you merge with the way things are

- Tung-Shan

- To the Trees -

At all times
Living by example

Always giving
And content with receiving what is given

Some of the most touching songs
Have been the wind through your leaves

Like the birds,
Sometimes I just have to yell
Loud as I can
At how grateful I am for you

Ever reminding me to connect deeply
And how we all belong
To this precious earth we call home

When turbulent forces come your way
You turn it into a dance
As you swing and sway

When it becomes too much
You just let go..

Allowing others to grow

- To the River -

Making the path of least resistance
Look so easy

Turning and winding effortlessly
With no worries about your destination

Clear, cloudy or muddy doesn't matter
You just keep flowing and joining
With whatever comes your way
Without hesitation

Living each moment
Fully and freely

While leaving all that you touched

Shining

- To the Moon -

So predictable, yet mysterious

Each one of your cycles
Marked on our calendars

Yet, each one
As if you are taking off another
Piece of your clothing
Slowly

Staring into our eyes with confidence
Until you stand
Bare
Radiating

Reminding each of us
That we are also as bright

Then, when it's time

Steadily putting each piece back on
Until you blend in
With the rest of the night sky

Are you lonely out there so far?
Or do you have the best seat in the house?

How much fun you must have
Influencing our tides
Whispering to the sun
And making us all howl deep inside

Maybe, that is why you stick around

- To the Mountains -

Each time
I find myself bowing
In your presence

Sometimes,
I don't get very far

Like today,
Noticing all the light that shines on you
Yet, how you remain so
Strong, grounded and full
Accepting all of your shadows

There's no attempt to cover up your dark sides
Distract others from seeing
Or deny that pain exists

You remain silent
Open
And the space
To let it all be

Smiling..

As I connect to the mountain within me

- To You -

What would it be like
If we opened completely
To seeing each other
As if for the first time,
every time?

Letting the past be the past
Letting the future take care of itself

Just being here now
To play
To explore
Together

Would we look a little deeper,
Listen a little closer,
Move a little slower
If we knew it was the last time?

Is there a place deep inside each of us
That there isn't a first or last time?

A place that is seeing you,
Looking at me?

A place that is listening in you,
Hearing me?

A place that has always been
Seeing and listening

How would you look at the moon,
Listen to the river,
Walk in the mountains,
Touch a tree from this place?

How would you look at me,
Listen to me,
Walk with me

Knowing that I'm also coming from this place?

You and I
The same,
Yet beautifully different

- Coming Home -

How did I drift so far?

Distracted by the reflections
Instead of the source of light

Once separated
All the struggles
Repeating with greater depth each time

Even when climbing to the surface
I was looking in the wrong direction
Out, not within

The journey back
Letting go of the layers along the way
Some felt never-ending
Until I was grounded
And reminded
To watch the clouds float on by

Now, finally arrived
To find that the door has always been open

And the fire still kindling
With you always by my side

